THE *Cornwall* TRAGEDY:

OR, THE

Two faithful LOVERS.

ALL you that do to Love belong,
Give Ear unto this mournful Song,
While I in Sorrow do relate
The Subject of my cruel Fate.

In *Cornwall* liv'd a noble Knight,
Who in a Damſel took great Delight;
And tho' ſhe was of low Degree,
He could love none but only ſhe.

To her in private thus he ſaid,
You are my Father's Waiting-maid,
And I his only Son, and Heir
To Fifteen Hundred Pounds a Year:

Here I declare with Heart and Hand,
It all ſhall be at your Command;
And I ſhall ever happy be,
If thou canſt love and fancy me.

This Damſel, with a low Courtſy,
Said, pray forbear your Suit to me,
Whoſe Birth and Education too,
Is much unfit, kind Sir, for you.

Alas! what would your Parents ſay,
If you ſhould caſt your ſelf away
On one ſo poor and mean as I?
Then ſtrait he made her this Reply:

As for my Parents Love, ſaid he,
They may, perhaps, concerned be;
In this I muſt them diſobey,
Or elſe my Life is caſt away.

I've Forty Thouſand Pounds in Hand,
And Heir to all my Father's Lands;
I'll make thee Lady of it all,
Or elſe you'll ſee my diſmal Fall.

At length this Damſel did comply
Unto the Bounds of Loyalty,
Conſented to become his Bride,
And ſolemn Vows the Promiſe ty'd.

But when his Parents did know
That he did love this Maiden ſo,
They turn'd her out of Service ſtrait,
That ſhe no more on them might wait.

Then did they charge their Son likewiſe,
That he this Damſel ſhould deſpiſe;
If he her Preſence did not ſhun,
They ne'er wou'd own him for their Son.

He made his Parents this Reply:
My former Vows I'll ne'er deny;
For if I do, I ne'er ſhall thrive,
Nor proſper while I am alive.

The Second PART, Shewing the Parents Cruelty.

WHen they his Anſwer then did hear,
They to their Son did prove ſevere;
Their Cruelty did grieve him ſo,
It prov'd his fatal Overthrow.

His Love he oftentimes would ſee,
Who cry'd, what will become of me?
Alas! alas! what ſhall I do?
You know I am with Child by you.

Therefore appoint the Wedding-Day,
For Time and Tide for none will ſtay;
Tho' I in private hid the ſame,
Let me not thus be brought to Shame.

My Dear, ſaid he, I ne'er will prove
Falſe, nor unconſtant to my Love;
I'll ne'er bring thee to Diſgrace,
But maary thee in little Space.

Now while the Time he yet delay'd,
Poor Heart! ſhe was of Life betray'd
As ſhe was walking all alone,
She cry'd, alas! I am undone.

Within a ſilent ſhady Grove,
In Hopes to ſee her only Love;
She lay weeping all alone,
And it was of a young Son.

And thus without the leaſt Relief,
Alas! ſhe dy'd with Care and Grief.
Her little Infant likewiſe dy'd,
And in the Grave lies by her Side.

This Knight was walking the next Day
Within the Grove where ſhe did lay;
To his Amazement there he found
His Love lay dead on the cold Ground.

By her lay dead her little Son,
The which this Knight ſtood gazing on;
Then with a heavy Sigh ſaid he,
My deareſt Dear, I'll follow thee.

He took his Sword then from his Side,
And with a dying Sigh he cry'd,
My Days are ended here, ſaid he,
My deareſt Dear, I'll follow thee.

Upon his Rapier then he fell,
And ſo he bid the World farewel;
And thus his Parents Cruelty
Occaſioned the Death of three.

You wealthy Parents far and near,
That ſhall this mournful Ditty hear,
Pray let not Gold and Silver prove
The Breach of Vows, and conſtant Love.

And you young Lovers Warning take,
Your ſolemn Vows never to break;
For we have often found it ſo,
Delays breed Lovers Overthrow.